IRREVOCA BLE

Once on a time I spoke a word That was bitter of meaning and harsh of

And it went as straight as a poisoned dart To the very core of a true friend's heart, And the beautiful page of our love was

Forevermore by that word alone.

Once on a time I cast a sneer At the small mistake of one I knew, And his soul, discouraged, let slip the rope That anchored it to the shore of hope, And drifted out on a sea of fear, To waves of failure and winds untrue.

Once on a time I whispered a tale Tainted with malice, and far and near It flew, to cast on a spotless name The upas shade of a hinted shame, . And wherever it reached it left a trail Acress the promise of many a year.

Never that word could be unsaid That lost me a friendship old and true-Never that sneer might be undone That broke the trust of an erring one-Never untold the tale that sped To blight and baffle a lifetime through. -L. M. Montgomery, in Congregationalist.



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CHAPTER XIV. GEORGE OF AMBOISE.

I should mention that before retiring had obtained from the landlord a good-sized lanthorn, which I had carefully filled with oil and trimmed under my own eyes. Holding this in my hand I ascended the ladder leading to the chamber, or rather loft, I was to occupy, and on gaining my point I placed it on the floor, near the opening by which the ladder led into the room, and so directed the light that its glare passed downwards, and up to the entrance of the stables, leaving the sides of the stables in darkness, although my own room was bright enough. This was a precautionary measure, as it would discover anyone attempting to come in by the stable entrance, which had no door, and would enable me at any time to see to rush down quickly to the aid of Jacopo, should he need it. I debated a short while as to whether I should undress for the night; but so little did I like the looks of the place, which was more like a house of call for bravos than anything I had seen, that I did nothing beyond removing my boots, and flinging myself as I was on the vile truckle-bed in the room. I placed my drawn sword at my side and sought to sleep, struggling resolutely to get this, desipte the legions of inhabitants the bed contained, who with one accord sallied forth to feast upon me. But sleep I was determined to have, as I had work for tomorrow, and, knowing Jacopo to own sharp eves and quick ears, felt no scruple about getting my rest, determining, however, to make it up the next day to my knave for his vigil, which I was sure would be faithfully kept. Finally, despite the attacks of my enemies, I dropped off into a light slumber, which lasted for two or three hours, when I was startled by hearing a shrill whistle, the clash of swords, the kicking and plunging of the horses, and Jacopo's voice shouting out my name. I woke up at once, with all my wits about me, and on the instant ran down the ladder, sword in hand, parrying more by accident than design a cut that was made at

me by some one as I descended. As I touched the ground two men darted out of the door and ran across the half ruined yard in front of the stables. A third, whom I recognized as Jacopo, was about to follow, but I held him back by the shoulder, having no mind to run risks around dark corners whilst I had my letter to deliver. Jacopo yielded to me very unwillingly, and in an answer to my hurried inquiry gave me an account of the affair which had

been as brief as it was noisy.

"When your worship retired," said he "leaving the lanthorn to so conveniently tight up the stable entrance, I had another look at the horses, and then settled myself down on that heap of straw yonder, my back to the wall and my sword in my right hand. So an hour, or may be two passed, and then I heard voices outside, and some one swearing at the light. Oh ho! says I to myself, there's a night-hawk about, and I remained on the alert, not thinking it worth while to give tongue then. After awhile the voices dropped away-and, excellency, I am sorry, but I must have slipped off into a doze, and beshrew me! if I did not dream I was aboard that cursed ship again, and being made to play pea-in-the-drum once more. I side. I rose slowly and crept towards the in, and one of the horses started a bit. The stones were clearly flung from outside to see if anyone was awake; but, of course, I made no sign, and the next minute two men appeared at the open entrance. I gave a whisonce-and your excellency knows the rest."

In the morning my henchman was anxious I was well enough inclined, but determined | name appeared and called out: to let the matter rest until my business was done, and for the present said I would remain content with the satisfaction that we had saved our steeds and throats. By the time I finished breakfast, Jacopo, who had | ing the look of anticipation on the faces of already taken a meal, had saddled the horses | all to one of disappointment, and a loud and was holding them ready for our departure. I summoned mine host, but at first | could obtain no view of him. Finally on my threat to depart without settling my score | against the young man near to me, turning he appeared with his arm bound up in a round as I did so with a somewhat brusque sling. As he was unwounded the evening "By your leave, sir." I fully expected that before, I made no doubt but that he was he would resent my rudeness and make one of the two who had visited us last night, some speech, but he merely bowed his head but said nothing, merely remarking, as I with a courteous inclination, showing a set paid my account, that the love of horsedesh of small and even teeth as he smiled under frequently brought people into trouble. He his blond mustache. I was a little put out did not seen to appreciate the remark, and by the failure of my plan, but the next inscowled at me, at which I bade him begone, stant the door closed behind me, and at any and to thank his stars that his house was rate the letter to the cardinal was safe, and not pulled about his ears. He did not at- my task was as good as accomplished. tempt any reply, but slunk off, and, inwardly resolving to clear out this pest of scorpions from Rome at the first chance, I rode out of the gate, followed by Jacopo, and we

Machiavelli's letter. ment, which the secretary had distinctly with keen black eyes, and a full but kindly he touched a small handbell as he content, which the secretary had distinctly mouth. He was just putting down a glass cluded, and the page appeared. "Defaure," Town Topics.

that I trotted up the Lungo Tavere.

Near the statues of Peter and Paul, on the bridge, was a guardhouse, occupied at the time by a detachment of Spanish infantry, and to these men I addressed myself inquiring where the cardinal of Rouen was staying. I was told, at once, that his eminence was lodging in the new palace of Cardinal Corneto, opposite the Scorsa Cavalli, and that my best way was to turn to the left on crossing the bridge, and then to the right at the junction of the Borgo San Spirito and the Borgo San Michele

Bestowing my thanks and a largesse on gallop, congratulating myself on the ease a few minutes had crossed the Piazza Scorsa | saying: Cavalli, and was before the residence of the cardinal. At the time I speak of it was not quite finished, but still habitable, and had been rented by Monsignore d'Amboise, as

being conveniently near the Vatican.

On entering the courtyard I dismounted, and, giving my horse to Jacopo to hold, ascended the steps and boldly announced myself as an urgent messenger who had busimy heels for a little time, the spruce page | put in: informing me that the cardinal was engaged at breakfast, but that he would tell him of | forgive me for disposing of a seat in his house my coming, and asked my name. I hesitated urgent dispatch to the cardinal, which I | zled air. must deliver with my own hands. The young man then left me, as I have said, and, taking a good position near the entrance against the wall and awaited my summons. The reception-room was of noble proportions, oblong in shape, the ceiling being supported by two pillars of veined marble, which, although they diminished the size of the chamber, had a good effect. The marble flooring, arranged in a patchwork of black and white, was bare of all furniture, and, as the room gradually filled, the conrang sharply on the stone, made it appear as if a lot of masons' hammers were at work. I let my eyes wander over the groups as they stood or moved about, wondering if by chance I should see anyone I knew; but they were all strangers to me, mostly Frenchmen, with a tair sprinkling of priests amongst them. They were one and all trying to jostle past each other, so as to gain watched this with some little amusement I heard a whisper in my ear, and, glancing round, beheld a man standing near me in a doctor's robe, holding a heavily-bound missal in his hand. I saw in a moment it was

Corte, and he whispered in a low voice: "Do not look round at present, but near the pillar to your right are two men, one dressed half in cloth of gold, and they are more interested in you than you think. I overheard a snatch of conversation—they are moving this way. By your leave, signore," raising his voice, he attempted to push by me, and, catching the hint his last words had thrown out, I answered, loudly: First come, first served, learned doctor, and you must bide your turn.'

"I am a man of peace, and therefore yield." Corte moved off, and I was free to look around me. I saw that Corte's little piece of acting, to which I had risen, was due to the fact that the man in the cloth of gold and his companion were edging nearer to us, and at the time were barely six feet off. Resting my hand lightly on the hilt of my sword I looked the two full in the face, but could make nothing of them. The one who wore a jerkin of gold cloth met my look for an instant, and then dropped his eyes, a faint flush rising to his cheek. I saw that he was a young man of a singularly handsome countenance. A short, neatly-curled mustache feil over his upper lip and mouth, but there was no sign of a beard on the small and rounded chin, which was cleanly shaven. On his right cheek he wore a black patch, placed as if to hide the scar of a wound, although his complexion was as delicate as if the sun had never touched it. In his ears he wore earrings, an affectation of female adornment hateful to me, and the fingers of his small right hand, which he held ungloved, were covered with rings. The hilt of his rapier, too, peeping from under the tolds of his gay cloak, was crested with jewels, and altogether it seemed as if I could have nothing to fear from this painted lily, who looked more fitted to thrum a lute in a lady's bower than have aught to do with the stir of the times. I therefore loosed my glance from him with some contempt and turned to his companion, who was robed as an abbe, and evidently in a sour middle age. His features were bolder than those of his companion, but distinctly those of the canaille, and there was nothing in them in

any way remarkable. Nevertheless, I thought it well to be on therefore made haste to awaken, and as I | the watch, knowing that a dagger thrust is | opened my eyes heard a crackling noise out- easily sent home, and there was the certainty, too, that the fact of my coming to entrance, and just as I reached within three Rome with a letter was known to the Medici feet of it a handful of pebbles was thrown | plotters in Florence, and evidently it was their object to frustrate its delivery. What puzzled me, however, was that the look the young man directed to me was not unfriendhis voice it might give me some clew to a rectle to rouse your honor, and went at them at | ognition. The two had come a little between me and the door, and I was just about to contest the place with a view of forcing their

> Signor Donati, his eminence awaits you. page in a moment arrested the crowd, turnmurmuring arose against my being so favored. I lost not a second in stepping forward, and in doing so purposely brushed

I followed the page, therefore, with an | do, and I will put it in your way. I cannot equal mind, and, lifting a curtain, which fell | at present give you details, as they have to in heavy folds at the end of the passage, be discussed with the secretary, who will where a couple of gorgeous lackeys stood, he | shortly be in Rome. This much, however, I directed our way towards the Ponte S. An- called out "Messer Donati," and then can tell you; get together a few good men, gelo. I had not the least idea where his stepped aside to let me pass. I entered the you doubtless can lay your hands on them, eminence of Rouen was staying, but made room with a firm step and saw before me a and be ready. You will no doubt want funds, certain it would be somewhere in the Borgo, large, but plainly-furnished apartment. In but they will be arranged for. In the meanand that once I had reached the papal quar- a lounge chair near a small table, on which time you may consider yourself as attached ter. I should find no difficulty in my search was set out a light repast, was a man whom to my suite—a moment," he continued, as for D'Amboise and in delivering to him I at once guessed to be the cardinal. He I was about to pour out my thanks, "you had wore a purple robe, and the barettina or | better for the present call yourself Donati. As I went on I began to feel nervous, in small skull cap, which covered the tonsure I know something of the history of Roman spite of myself, as to what the results of my on his head, allowed his short gray hair, families, and your name would not smell interview with the cardinal would be, and which curled naturally, to be seen around it. well to the Chigi and Colonna, and rememwhether it would end in the further employ- Under the cap I saw a square, resolute face | ber the Tiber is very deep."

ter before him without a word.

the men for their kindness, I went on at a did so not a muscle of his face moved to show

this?

Bayard made a step forward to take the letter, and in doing this our eyes met, and he frankly held out his hand. I could hardly believe it when I saw it extended towards me. My breath came thick and fast, and the whole room swam around. The man was the soul of honor, the noblest knight in Christenness with his eminence. I was ushered by a | dom; he had seen my trial, nay, he had been | page into a reception-room, and, early as the one of my judges, and he offered me his hour was, there were a considerable number | hand! He must hold me guiltless, I felt. of people already in attendance, awaiting "My lord!" I rather gasped than spoke as to his eminence of Strigonia-books are the morning levee. Here I was left to cool 1 took his grasp, but, seeing my emotion, he

"Sit down, cavaliere. His eminence will -we are more than old friends." He placed for a moment, but decided to keep the name his hand on my shoulder and forced me to a of Donati which I had assumed, and gave seat, whilst D'Amboise, still holding the that, adding that I was the bearer of an letter in his hand, looked at us with a puz-

> "St. Dennis!" he exclaimed. "What does this mean, Bayard?"

> "It means, your eminence, that this is a used; but pardon me-the letter."

He took the letter from the cardinal's hands and read it quickly, whilst I sat still, with emotions in my heart I cannot describe, and D'Amboise glanced from one to another with a half-amused, half-curious look on his keen face. Bayard finished his perusal in a few seconds, and, laying the letter on the table, said: "Nothing could be better. We | you to the duke?" stant moving of feet, the sound of which | should be prepared for action, although | there is yet plenty of time. I wonder how in the world the Florentine got wind of this?"

"Oh, he has long ears. We shall, however, want a good sword, and if all that the sec- letter you will perceive that my desire was retary writes is true we have got it in your | to see something of the court of Rome before friend the Cavaliere Donati. In fact, Machi- joining the duke.' avelli suggests him for the task."

"My name, your eminence, is not Donati," I here put in, "but Savelli. When misfor-

"Quite right," said D'Amboise, "but Savelli! Is this the Savelli of the Arezzo affair, Bayard?"

Bayard nodded assent, and the cardinal continued, turning to me. "Then, sir, I have heard your story, and you have more friends than you think. But of this, later on. Were clasped it for a moment it felt as chill and you not at Fornovo?" "Yes," I replied, wondering what the car-

dinal's speech meant. "Ciel! I made out your patent of St. La-

zare myself. What could have made Tre-



mouille act as he did I do not know, and he is as obscinate as a mule. Bayard, I know all about this gentleman, and your testimony to his worth convinces me that what I have heard is correct. I could never believe the story myself."

"My lords, you may doubt; but the world—" "Will yet come round to you, cavaliere,"

said Bayard, and added: "Your eminence could not have a better sword for your purpose than that of M. di Savelli here, provided he will accept the task." lords," I said.

"Good," said D'Amboise, "now let me tell you how you stand. Acting doubtless on the advice of friends, Mme d'Entrangues wrote to me a full account of the affair, which ended so badly for you, and explained fully her husband's treachery. This she begged me to forward to Tremouille with a ly, and it struck me that if I could only hear | view of getting your sentence altered. As you have just been made aware, I have some knowledge of you, and it was a thousand pities to see a sword, which had served France well, turned away. I laid the matter to know if I meant to take any steps with | hands if possible, when the door was flung | before the duke, but he replied to say he regard to the attempt at robbery last night. open and the same page who had taken my could take no action. The duchess, who is known to those not connected with the my cousin, has also used her influence, but | trade. The Maine tourmalines are unto no purpose, for Tremouille stirs his por As the door opened there was a general | ridge with his own hand, and does not care movement towards it. But the cry of the | it it burn or not, as long as he stirs it himself. We could get the king's pardon for you, and as a last resource that might be done, for I like as little to be thwarted as His Grace of Tremouille; but that will raise you up a strong enemy in the duke, and it will not kill the story-you see."

> "I do, your eminence. How can I thank you?" "I do not want your thanks, cavaliere; but France wants your sword. Your only way is to do a signal service for France, and after this the matter is easy. Tremouille is generous, and it would want but a little pressure to make him rescind his sentence apparently

of his own accord, provided you could do

what I have said. Strange how fate works!"

I remained silent, and D'Amboise went on: "Such a service it is possible for you to

however, and it was with a hopeful mind of vernaccia as I came in, and I caught the he said, "send the Abbe Le Clere and and purple glitter of the sapphire ring he wore | gentlemen to me; after that you will please in token of his rank, as he set down the glass. | inform the steward that apartments are to He was not alone, for, leaning against the be prepared at once for M. Donati. who is window and caressing the head of an enor- here." The page bowed and vanished, and, mous wolf-hound, was a splendidly-dressed as I rose to await the coming of the suite, the cavalier, who looked up as I came in, and I cardinal went on with a smile: "Messieurs saw at once it was Bayard. I kept my eyes | in the untercom are doubtless getting imaway from him, however, and advancing patient; we must make haste to receive straight towards the cardinal placed the let- them." As he said these words a gray haired priest entered, bearing on a cushion D'Amboise looked at the seals carefully, the scarlet hat of a prince of the church, and and then taking a small jade-hilted knife following him half a dozen gentlemen and from the table ripped open the envelope and grooms of the chamber. The cardinal rose, ran his eye quickly over the letter. As he and, leaning on the arm of Bayard, walked slowly towards the door. Le Clerc bore the how the contents stirred him, and when he | hat immediately before him, and the rest of with which the difficulty was solved, and in | had finished he held it out at arm's length, | us formed a queue behind. As we came to the door it was flung open by two lackeys in "My dear Bayard, what do you think of a blue and silver livery, who shouted out:

"My Lord Cardinal-way-way." We passed into the room where the people were arranged in two rows, and D'And boise walked down the line, bowing to one, exchanging a word or two with another, undropped to his knee, and, presenting his book, solicited the cardinal's influence to obtain from him an audience with the pope, to whom he desired to dedicate his work. "Perte!" said the cardinal. "Why not go

more in his line than-well, we shall seewe shall see." He passed on, and the next group that my residence on Henderson street but I caught his eye was that of the young stranger am prepared to make pictures from old

in the cloth of gold and his companion. As the cardinal approached, the young man drew a letter from his vest and pre sented it with a low bow.

D'Amboise tore it open and glanced over | dence. the contents. "Diable!" he exclaimed, from Mme, de la Tremouille herself. See here, Bayard, the duchess writes, introducdoor to the adjoining room, I leaned back gallant gentleman who has been most basely ing her friend the Chevaliere St. Armande light baggage to and from depot. Terms -I know not the house."

> "We are of Picardy, your eminence." The voice was singularly sweet and soft, and a strange and undefinable resemblance in its tones to some other voice I had heard struck me, but I could not fix upon anything. "The duchess says you are anxious to serve; would it not have been easier to send

> St. Armande looked round with a heightened color, and then replied, speaking in the same low, soft tones:

> "If your eminence will kindly read the

D'Amboise glanced at the letter again,

and an odd smile passed over his face. "I see," he added, "the postscript-My as close a position as possible to the entrance | tune overtook me I changed my name; but | dear chevalier, Mme. de la Tremoille's redoor, near to which I stood; and as I I see no reason for hiding the truth from quests are commands to me. If you will do me the honor of joining my suite I shall be delighted. Permit me to introduce you to the Cavaliere Donati, who is also a new

I bowed and extended my hand, and St. Armande placed his within mine. It was small and delicate as a woman's, and as I cold as death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC OF THE SIERRAS.

The Quiet Explorer of the Mountains Hears Plenty of Nature's Melody.

Travelers in the Sierra forests usually complain of their want of life, especially of birds. "The trees," they say, "are fine, but the empty stillness is deadly; there are no animals to be seen, no birds. We have not heard a song in all the woods." And no wonder, going in large parties with mules and horses.

making so much noise, dressed in outlandish, unnatural colors, every animal shuns them. Even the frightened pines would run away if they could. But Nature lovers, devout, silent, openeyed, alert, looking and listening with love, sitting still here and there for hours or days, as their genius directs, find no lack of inhabitants in these mountain mansions, and they come to them gladly. Not to mention the large animals or the small insect people, every waterfall has its ouzel, and every tree its squirrel, or tamias, or birdtiny nuthatch threading the furrows of the bark, cheerily whispering to itself as it deftly pries of loose scales and examines the curled edges of lichens, of Clarke crow, or jay, examining the cones or some singer oriole, tanager, warbler, resting, feeding attending to domestic affairs. Hawks and eagles sail overhead and grouse walk in happy ficeks below, and the song sparrow sings in every bed of chaparral. There is no crowding, to be sure. Unlike the low eastern trees, those of the Sierra "I will accept anything from you, my in the main forest belt average nearly 200 feet in height, and of course many birds are required to make much of a show in them, and many voices to fill them. Nevertheless, the whole range from foothills to snowy summits is shaken into song every summer, and though low and thin in winter, the music never ceases .- John Muir, in At-

American Gems. American precious stones are of more importance than is generally equaled in color, the lithia emerald of North Carolina has never been found in any other country, and the beryls of Connecticut are of a fine golder vellow. California chrysoprase resembles the apple-green Chinese jadeite, a beautiful rose quartz comes from South Dakota, and a large quantity of rough Montana saphires is sent to London to be cut. The main part of the world's supply of turquoises is obtained in New Mexico. No doubt the new possessions will add to the American production of gems, a business as yet in its infancy .-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

True, But Awful.

First Newspaper Reader (in smoking compartment)-I hear they have nearly reached those poor miners who were entombed by that explosion. Second Newspaper Reader-Yes,

they have ha'pennytrated the wall of rock. Third Newspaper Reader-You mean

penetrated. Second Newspaper Reader-No, don't. They're only half way through.

-Ally Sloper.

A Metamorphosis. Jack-Miss Ramsey is getting gray. Dick-Now she will be blue. Jack-O, no; now she will be blond .--

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DEPARTURE OF TRAINS :

To Cincinnati-3:15 a. m.; 7:51 a. m.; 3:40 p. m. To Lexington-7:47 a. m.; 11:05 a. m.;

5:45 p. m.; 10:14 p. m. To Richmond—11:08 a. m.; 5:48 p. m.; 10:16 p. m. To Maysville—7:50 a. m.: 6:85 p. m.

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EAST BOUND. v Louisville..... 8:30am 6:00pm Ar Lexington 11:15am 8:40pm Lv Lexington.....11:25am 8:50pm 8:30am 5:50pm

Lv Winchester....11:58am 9:23pm 9:15am 6:30pm Ar Mt. Sterling...12:25pm 9:50pm 9:50am 7:05pm Ar Washington... 6:59am 2:40pm Ar Philadelphia..10:15am 7:05pm Ar New York......12:40n'n 9:08pm

WEST BOUND. Ar Winchester 7:30am 4:50pm 6:56am 2:50pm

Ar Lexington 8:00am 5:20pm 7:35am 8:45pm Ar Frankfort 9:11am 6:30pm Ar Shelbyville 10:01am 7:20pm Ar Louisville 11:00am 8:15pm Trains marked thus + run daily except Sunday; other trains run daily. Through Sleepers between Louisville, Lexington and New York without

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7 00am 8 40pm 1 00pm 7 11am 8 52pm 1 20pm 7 18am 4 00pm 1 35pm 7 24am 4 10pm 1 55pm Lye Fikhorn . Lve Switzer. Lve Stamping Gr'nd Lve Duvalls 7 34am 4 16pm Lve Johnson . . 7 39am Lve Georgetown . . . Lve C S R'y Depot b 7 45am 4 2 pm 2 30pm 7 50am 4 38pm 3 00pm Lve Newtown 8 17am 4 48pm Lve Centreville 8 25am 4 56pm Arr Paris c 8 40am | 5 10pm

WEST BOUND.

No. 2 No. 4. No. 8. Pass. Pass. Mixed Lve Parise . . . 9 80am 5 40pm Lve Elizabeth . . Lve Centreville . . 9 45am 5 55pm Lve C S R'y Depot b 10 28am 6 17pm 7 50am Lve Georgetown . . 13 32am 6 20pm 7 51am Lve Johnson . . . 10 37am 6 26pm 10 43am 6 32pm 10 43am Lve Duvalls . . Lve Stamping Grad :0 50am 6 39pm 8 22am

. 11 00am 6 49pm, 8 40am . 11 07am 6 56pm 8 55am . 11 20am 7 10pm 9 15am Arr Frankfort a Daily except Sunday.
a Connects with L. & N.; b connects with Q. & C.; connects with Ky, Central.

Lve Elkhorn .

KENTUCKY CENTRAL POINTS . Frankfort . . . Ar 11:20 7:1 4:25 7:50 Lv . Georgetown . Ar 10:28 6:17 5:10 8:40 Ar . . Paris . . Lv 9:30 5:40 8:30 Ar . . Maysville . . Lv 5:45 1:29 6:16 11:42 Ar . Winchester . Lv 7:09 2:55 7:20 1:00 Ar . . Richmond . . Lv 6:20 2:00

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